



The Pantomime of Jesters

by Jon Elliott

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by

Jonathan Elliott
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The Christmas Guy

or

When They Come for Santa

It starts off in their yellow shoes with popsicles dreaming
the blurry vision of darkness before me, Auschwitz, starvation
Normandy, coming to me in their wheelchairs and balloons sending
more rounds of silence from the empty arms of the Court
their mouths wide open and taking it while a million children
in tangent swallowed their tears and the latest zodiak nine capsule from
the clemencie pharmaceutical company, offering a lifetime commitment
to tears and morbid fascination with ruin, a cult of transcendant living
ideal only a superbowl commercial away, four hundred million dollars
for thirty seconds of “What he say, Verne, pass me a budweiser” speaking to
us of their broken, poor impoverished souls wandering away into
the darkness mystified.

Pantomime of Jesters

They say we are lost souls
Who have forgotten our way,
Telling us where to go,
What to do, what to think

Those of us confused enough
To think for ourselves
Were labeled insane
Our lives stacked on bookshelves
In legal size manilla envelopes

the guys from manilla,
they arrived with feathers and passports
for new jobs, a suit and tie
to get out of their gorilla suits
sit down from a jungle
and sip coffee;

The Blackout Mode

New York room spinning youth
Of blond beating time backwards
Brow beaten brown derby dreams
Downtown and wondering, statue of
Beethoven, clergy coming with final baloney sandwiches

New briefcase train officer stolen
Time of new advancing properties
And perfect bullshit of Vatican flames
Police lights and call girls,
The livid dream of plots, Plutarch
And otherwise last seen in clover
Song of cartoons and breathing

Plan for the Future

Make up your day
As you go along
With your own idea
Of what to believe
Try not to let others
Fail you, try to give
Them the time they need
To accomplish things
For themselves

Liturgy of Drunks

Barely breathing their way
Through erotic signs of
Police car flashing
In off moments
Violations of wine, women, sex
Cigarettes, ass and blondes
Showers, sweat, fast cars moving forward

Against tide of rationed epidemics,
Reflective into sand
Swallowing infinite futures of infant cultures
Civilizations, generations

Requit La

I am the return of
Verse in the song
What belongs to the mist

I am the lore of adore from before at illumined

Unsung (tell the villain key loot
for the royal service
of the vision)

Looks

The only empty voice
Of reason exists
Beyond the unknown

Into the prized possessions
Of our only times
Together.

Back of the Line

We trusted you to be of service
We asked you to be respectful
To the objections and duties
of others

We told you that life is worth
Living everyday, on the set
Of the show
We asked you to act and never
Forget what it is you came for
In the theater money,
Not the money itself,
The prospective interests of the
People;

Softly she comes
Running and waiting and
Dancing around
What she can't lose

The Vision of Your Eyes

When I dance, I dance for free
she says to me
twisting and turning the light
hardly speaks, I'm just at the
doorway holding a bar of soap
for whoever travels down the hall

On Keeping an Even Tempo

It takes concentration and forgetfulness
both at the same time, you have to enjoy
the swing of it, but not to the point of getting
excited, are you are suddenly moving too fast
you can't get sad about having to play it for hours
when its reggae, because the rastas like it like that
thump,thump,thump diddy dump, thump thump
and with the skank, it goes all day at sumfest
and you have to keep with it, thump, thump
like the bleeding hearts of rastas when they run
out of dope, sad, miserable, ready to play any venue
for a smoke.

The Nazi Betrothal of Normandy

She comes in looking beautiful
and you hardly notice the battery of
attorneys on the phone with the assistant
to the office manager who is suddenly missing
and you cannot come back here, they say to you
that is what we decided, you cannot come back.

The Most Fabulous Day

She's got a chicken jalopeno jukebox that spits out chocolate pie and squeeze nuts if you have a dollar and they line up to put money into it and sometimes the guy has to come and put more in, I think he must have a lot of chocolate bars in the back of his car, I swear to myself wondering as he checks the lock of the key and he has like fifty more to do, I can tell, by the big round of keys he has in his pockets.

LINSKY'S HOUSE

Let's just say, it's a place
you remember forever,
without or without the monsters inside.
Linsky said when you use you let the monsters out,
and I can
only guess
that's every delegate
of the Soviet Union the moment
the rastafarians from across
the fence
put a twenty sack
in my hand and they have to go
find their own shit and make a political statement.

You know what that means?
It means, find a new place right now,
you agreed to certain conditions
that were not met and wait, wait,
I've been here two years,
Leave now,
sort of energy and from it all,

Alex is dead.

Linsky came to me
like the figure
of a brother, they said
it was the next step in my

outpatient treatment, and they
had me reeled in boy, reeled
out of the front office where
the ensigns and captains
had taken their places,
with the advocates and councilors
signing the paperwork I used to do
and the result of it all, I could no longer work.

It was a charade
beyond measure,
after twenty five years in the office,

I was *too good* at what I did.

Linsky would come in and check the refridgerator
see who was loaded. I would be typing away at the computer
and he would be looking for people, where's Rick? Where's Justin,
where did they go, did you see them? How many minutes ago?

I was sober about five years and this new Japanese bar opens
with dollar and a half sake bottles and I go crazy, two three bottles, I'm
spinning, back to the car, to the three block drive up the street, then to the
left, into the driveway, the front line cluttered with new sunflowers and other
flowers, I had been working on the garden a long time and Heloise the cat
had just died I guess.

But Alex was always was there for me and was patient beyond words,
but dumb Eric had to leave a bag of grass in the drawer and go to an AA
meeting. To see what he could get for it? Anyway, Alex fell in and out,
out and in, but we stayed with each other, every step of the way,
that warm conversation over coffee and not minding his company at all,
the war stories and slipping in and out of Russian on the telephone and
trying to understand what had become incomprehensible.

There was a report of citywide cat poisoning and I buried Helloise and her five or six or eleven or whatever it was children, she had bread too early and the children had died.

I'm throwing up on the toilet and go right back to bed. In the morning, Fauci comes in and it's breakfast time, eggs scrambled, orange juice, potatoes, we are blowing each other's minds one meal after another, he's cooking the spinach with olive oil and garlic bread and I'm cooking the steak medium rare with onions and everyday is the same routine, get up, sit at the jacuzzi, play backgammon and talk about it.

Lizards of Paz

Winding the snakes into trees
and butterflies into the flowered petals
of his dreams, Octavio painted the colors
of his Latin world before my eyes
and I danced inside the pages of his
thoughts, wondering how he saw the
creatures so small, bringing them
to life in words, feeling their presence in his
vision.

When the Battery in Their Eyes Runs Out

Mothers and Fathers complained
the light in their children's eyes had left them.
Can you imagine. The moment they walked
through the doors of the place, like some dark
sinister mind bending reckoning of rhyme and
reason, twisting the deliberations of justice into
melted cheese pizza crusts, half eaten roast beef
leftovers, old scraps of biscuits and what could
have been warm muffins if some one had taken the time,
they used to, take time, in older times.

The Lowliest of Men

I guess when you work at the post office
and sort mail for a living, you could become
great at anything. I wonder why you chose
poetry Bukowski, to rant and rave your
in differences to the world, shrouded in
your constant belief in love, even the bumper
on an old Chevrolet seemed to sparkle
in the hazey residual of memory you
claimed to be your memory at the time,
stepping out of bars at all hours of the morning
just to make it back to work,

Chekov, They Say, Is Still Alive

Chekov, they say, is still alive,
alive in the hearts of men just as deep as
Pushkin, or a raving half crazed Tchaikovsky
dumping himself into the freezing Volga
determined to be finished with himself,
it never made sense to me, to be determined
in that way, you have to show yourself strength
in arts, not let your fears run rampant and
destroy your own imagination with idealism
because the imagination is never that.

Flagrancy

Flagrant opens the door for strangers in the perfect night of October dreaming only of the perfect party, the red Carlo Rossi just ready to go for him alone, the additional dozen bottles to stave the crowd off from his true treasure, and can you sell the wine, really sell it, right back at them.

Flagrant grabs his bags of clothes, walks out the door, declares with the greatest of clarity, that he has no idea where he is going.

The Cadre of Illusion

Somewhere in a simple time,
a group of men are clocking out and sitting
around a table throwing their dirty towels in a bucket, a line of dancers sings
the car wash theme on a broadway stage
three elephants are dribbling ink upstairs in the big room,
dreaming of last rights for best fights, meanwhile, long ago, in an asian broccoli
lounge, Peter Lorrie is exploring the universe, waiting for the girl from Monte Carlo,
her lips; what they would say, reading this, finally knowing your thoughts, her sweet
disaster arriving on the subway like a family of shared interest in a parking lot, the
king louis xiv special, the ultimate mix up of erotic blends and detail, just enough to
make the judge get up from his desk and suddenly fall under a complete spell, before
sitting down and trying to remember
who he is.

Herein lies the whole truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth,
as long as I'm lying, as they say, in the narrative,
otherwise believe me, it isn't, in fact
I make so much of it as I go along,
I cannot even defend myself.

Anyways, welcome to the cadre of illusion,
if you are reading this you are
either buzzed or in trouble,
which is worse is a decision left to Church and State

Listen to This

You and the mechanic bend over the hood of the yellow car
it looks like a taxi and sometimes people wave at you to stop
the car because they want to pay you for a ride

anyways, the mechanic here the click click click of the engine
decides it's the water pump, tries to tell you it might be
two or three days, who can tell, nowadays maybe even a week
he has to order the part and he will call me in the next few hours
to let me in on how many days it will take.

I need change for the busride back to work and head into
the Bank of America on Fairfax and Beverly Blvd, just a block
down from where Carlos the mechanic is working on my car.
The bus is going to be a while so I decide to walk to the next stop
and I have to pass all the old deli's and dream of the breakfast
I wanted to splurge on before me it was going to be
twelve hundred dollars.

Backwards Isn't So Simple

You let go
go, of the idea, that things
things could have gone a whole
lot easier, with basic
human understanding
you ring your pain out
like old laundry
clinging to the silences
between words
the reactions, the emotions
the tender conciliations
everything that
gets in the way of your
next thought
and whatever
used to make sense to you
no longer does
except
the sound of the music
is the same.

The Total Goal of Zero

You sit at the desk
count your change
maybe fourteen dollars or so
you make a list
of things you need
from the market tomorrow,
cheese, crackers, pasta, milk
the same old everyday stuff
nothing has changed
except the beer
is cheaper.

You Made Your Choice Long Ago

 You wanted to write
the words on paper
 that would carry through
the rivers of time
 the images you saw in your mind
people and faces, memories of golden
Dupar's pancakes in the morning
 before going to the Amusement Park
every time you stop and see something unusual
 you think to yourself
what will I explain to myself about this?
 Then the words arrive
upside down, the end of trashcans final journey
for an old newspaper, or the can of an old sodapop
suddenly appearing in the middle of a row of treets
making you want to forget people
 who would leave this here?

What I Have Known

The glow of warm
fireplaces of Christmas
clink of glasses, toast
friendly loving friends
bringing holiday gifts
smiles and laughter
so many lucky days
that swept away whatever fears
engulfed us at the loss of my
father.

Swallowed up in a sea of rage,
I try to remember
swimming in the warm pool
in summers,
the new school year, a
new notebook, pencils and clothes
a lunchbox and jacket,
everything ready
for a future
that never arrived.

I'm Not Gonna Tell You

It's funny I started this poem at 11:59
Ahmet always said he wanted to start a rock and roll band
and call it eleven fifty nine; I asked him why
he said anything you ever plan always happens
a minute earlier then you expected it to,
if you think the bus is coming at twelve
you'll find it leaving a minute early.

The bus is always good for a seat next
to someone carrying their grocery bags and smiling
long rides across town and looking out over the city
wondering where everyone will be tomorrow

Into the Beat

That Neal died frozen on the train tracks in the middle of the night
is no answer for their desperate predicament, or the lengths they wouldn't go
to end a fight.

The Frozen Winter of Solitude That Lasted Forever

When I think of all that revelry
in the dead heat of night
that late nacht disco danzing dream
of Berlin hotels and the Kempinsky
expanding like a balloon in the bull
of light, flowing backwards through time, back deep
into conversations with taxi drivers and
golf course attendants,
deep into the wine of lore
that beseeched you, I grieve
and it is not grave.

Unreal Time

They say that beyond the body of illusion
there lies no mystery, I believe that. She
appeared two hundred years old, but was
the age of twenty eight

it wouldn't matter if we are too old to talk through these trees
she said to me

I wasn't reminded of anything particular, just the breeze of it

Caught

It's two am or something maybe midnight
I took a shower in the room, to give it that steamy feeling,
just turned the water hot and let it pour out the crack of
the door so they will not know, and Torrien, the Latin singer
laughing in his bed, faking asleep, I light up that joint and
finish it, and I've been in here three weeks with it, I'm
a sudden genius to myself, locked up, completely,
I head for the baloney sandwich in the kitchen, and I get
"Hey"
and here's my new peer counselor, I guess, my new sponsor
and I turn around and it's the worst junky poets of all of us, King Lord
of the Junkies, Kurt Cobain, in his hospital gown and his hands
on his hip, he's suddenly nice, and I think, we look like
two old gunslingers in a bonanza movie Kurt, whaddya want to do now,
and he's warming up, that end of the world I don't understand laugh
and he says "make me one, will ya"

and I laugh and head for the baloney and there is no baloney
and good ole father Timothy is laughing in the darkness at me,
his face is lined, caked with lines, and now suddenly glowing in
the darkness I arrive and take my seat.

Sound of the spoon scraping the bowl, now tinkling it.

"You know what life is about?" the voice in the darkness says to me.

"I'll tell you what life's about. It's about this spoon. You see, when you are addicted
to heroin you think about one thing, putting the heat to the spoon.

Hey Baby

You lean out with your top secret known by everyone
but still totally classified Pierre Cardin lighter, super sleek
super refined, you said you made the counter clerk your
favorite guy in the world, no, wait, that could be the valet guy
in front of the restaurant or the Jordanian brothers as a combo
who sell the beadies on La Cienega before the coffee place, anyway,
your leaning again, and she's up against the wall, her back to
the concrete trapped more or less then you, hard to tell, but she
will you already know by the sound of her breadth, she says nice to meet you
I'm Six, I say wow I'm Four, it's Tuesday, no wonder we met.

the clarinet player, but this is bad, very bad, I'm thinking, if the
Sicilians really loved me at that moment

The Quality of Years

Whose faces turned to stone
in their great leap
beyond
the infinite
horizon
of the sorrows
left behind
for the women
they loved, the men jumped
to meet death, a vision of them
battered and bruised
noses bashed in eyes closed
like blackened holes
in the death
they decided
for themselves
mouths sewn shut,
seagulls, hands, clouds
thoughts of children
under their chins
looking into a future
they could not belong to, crying
Apache tears

THE WIDE WHITE PAD

a play

by Jonathan Elliott

Interior. Afternoon. The Wide Wide Pad. Location shot outside of house (exterior, first, quick) The livingroom is hardwood floors, expansive light, a skylight, a window looking out to the Bay of San Francisco. "Sitting on the Dock of the Bay" is playing and Jon enters, 19 years old, singing to it.

Jon

They were very unfair to Otis.

Interior. Bathroom. Jos is in her robe, wet from the shower, drying her hair with a blowdryer. We hear Coleen packing in the other room "Jos have you seen my makeup case" Jos (laughing) to Colleen, smiling at Jon.

Jos

Like I'm sure

Interior, over the shoulder shot, Jon turns to face Jos in the bathroom. Jon is at the record player sorting through old albums. There are a couple of chairs, a small table at the windows. There is a futon on the floor.

Jon

What, I'm sorry. (mumbling) I didn't hear what you said. (more expressively) Did somebody stay here last night?

Jos

Ha. (shouting, laughing, to Colleen)
Jon wanted to know how
many people stayed here last night.
Let's see, there was only, uhh, let
me think, Danny, Rocky, Greg
Jessica's boyfriend Brian, Lisa's
boyfriend Eric, I don't know, that's
about it.

Jon

I got to go turn in this paper
on Durkheim. I was up all
night

Jos (laughing) moving towards him

You never came out once.

Jon (laughing)

Yeah. (Smiles at her) Uh,
Eva says she needs the bathroom
and she's in there ready to kill you.

Jos

Ha. Tell the Queen I'll be out
in five minutes.

Jon

Take three, she means it.

Jos (turns quickly to get her towel)

God, you know Jon, she's such
a B I T C H sometimes.

Jon

I'm sorry what's that spell?

Jos

Bitch; She's a bitch sometimes.

That's not fair, you guys partied all night
and she didn't get any sleep.

Jos

Well she's out like a light now.

Jon(laughing)

That's for sure.

You hear Eva in the other room turning over, "What, I heard that."

Jos

Jon, I'm cooking breakfast you
can turn that in after class.

Jon

Ha. What are you going
to cook? I can cook.

Jos heading into the kitchen, grabs a pan, plants an egg into, puts
the toast in pours a cup of coffee ready from a timer and looks at him.

Jos

It will be ready just in a second.
I'll have it ready. Do you want some
juice?

Jos looks through the refrigerator loaded with things and can't find any.
Suddenly bursts out laughing.

Jos

That's right. Rocky had
to mix a screwdriver at
like three in the morning.
I think there maybe a little
bit left on the counter....

Jos checks through a miasma of empty liquor bottles on the kitchen counter
and plastic cups everywhere half filled with liquor leading
out the backdoor to the jacuzzi that is beyond a wooden deck
and underneath a wide range of Spruce trees.

Jos

Hey Rock; Rock you up?

Intreior. the livingroom . Rocky rolls out of a sleeping bag that looked like a
blanket near the futon and peeps his head up, his hair tossed about,
smiling at Jon in the doorway.

Rocky

Oh hi Jon. I didn't know you
stayed over. I didn't even see you
last night at the party. Where were
You?

Jon

I live here now.

Rocky

Really. Ha, Since when,

Jon

Last night. Eva asked me to
move in with her. I told
her I can't give up my place
at the Archdeacon's but I'll
stay while and we're going
to see how it goes.

Rocky

That's great. Jos and Gregg
and I are going on a picnick up to the
lake tonight, you wanna go? I
think Jos is bringing Danny too.

Jon

I like Danny. He's a good painter.

Jos (rushing to him)

Oh Jon, you think so. It was so important to him, what you thought, he asked me. He is terminally insecure as an artist. It's the part I hate about him.

Jon

You love Danny.

Jos

Yeah I do. But he's still insecure.

Jon

I was going to hand in my paper before class.

Jos

I wouldn't worry about it. Gosh, Liz was so funny last night. She passed out right where you were standing. She was drinking in the hot tub.

Jon

I did the same thing.

Jos (drinking a wheat grass)

Yeah, I remember.

Jon, you don't think I remember?

You didn't even make it up the stairs, don't you remember us three girls standing over you when you opened your eyes?

Jon

Yeah. I do.

Jos (getting breakfast ready)

Why don't you go eat in your new room. I want you to feel comfortable here.

Jon

Thanks Jos.

Jon goes towards the room and Eva comes out in a robe, hair straggly and smiling as he gets about three feet from the door. She lifts her head and stands on her toes to kiss him. Puts his arms around him, he's almost dropping his plate.

Eva

We could.....you know?

Jon

Eva, take a shower, get ready for school. I'm going to eat breakfast. I'll be waiting for you when you get out.

Eva

Don't listen to them. Finish your breakfast and go turn it in.

Jon

Ok. Your right.

Jon eats quickly, get up and leaves.

Exterior. Morning. The streetwalk of Spruce. Jon walking towards campus with his backpack.

Exterior. Morning. Theology College Northside Berkeley. Jon crosses the large grass walkway through the Theology School, over the hill, passed the pizza parlor, he checks on the price of a large medium and small pizza, some Chinese students approach.

Jon

I didn't think anyone was up this early. Thank God you guys came through North Gate everyone is in a hurry on their way in.

Chinese Student

We just got out of an early computer programming class. What's up?

Jon

Do you know how to get to Barrows Hall? Its the library with the Jimi Hendrix collection.

Chinese girl

Oh cool, cool.

Young male Chinese Student looks at her and her girlfriend steps forward waving her hand down the way.

Other Chinese girl

As you walk past the gate the road curves both ways
you want to make a right, no a left as you
are walking down hill, uh, the student walkway.

Jon

Isn't for Professeurs too?

Girl

Huh. I guess. But they call it the student walkway.

Jon

Go figure.

Girls and guy leaving.

Girl

Well we've got to go now, see ya?

Jon

It doesn't look like they are opened yet. Maybe I'll go check on the piano.

It starts to rain.

Exterior. Morning. Jon walking towards Barrows. v.o "I never liked Jimi Hendrix. When I was much younger, as a kid, my brother listened to him all the time and I never appreciated the sound or tone of his playing, but I was starting to relate to it now, emotionally, and I wanted to hear Jimi for the first time as clearly and undisturbed as I possibly could be. Because his music did disturb me as a child and I wanted to understand every nuance, suddenly, why.

Interior. Library. Mid morning. Jon walks in and there are several students at a bench, good looking girls and a guy, going over papers. Jon approaches.

Jon

Do you know where the front desk is?

Girl

Once you get through the door, make a left passed the first few book racks and she's got a desk that is hard to see in the middle.

Jon

Ok. Thanks.

Interior. Hallway of library. Mid morning. We see a shot from behind as the silhouette of Jon arrives in the morning lighted Library. He knows where he is going now and reaches the desk easily.

Jon

How do I sign for a CD station.

Librarian (smiling)

Yeah? You heard about our CD stations?

Jon

Yeah. Some hippy guitar player told me. (pausing)
Where are the records at?

Librarian gets out of her chair and bends over the desk and points forward. She is older, grayed hair, but too young.

Librarian

It's just to the other side of that
set of bookshelves to your right.
Let me give you these they are
not available at the station we've had
too many thefts.

Librarian hands him a pair of headphones.

Jon

Thanks.

Jon fumbles over a chair he doesn't see as he turns to get to the station
and a dilligent young student is writing in his journal at a desk near
the station. Jon goes passed him and points to a station.

Jon

Is this one taken?

Young student

Excuse me?

Jon

Is anyone you know coming to sit here. I don't want to sit down and be embarrassed.

Student (laughing)

No. That's ok. You can sit there.

Jon

Great. The most liberal college in the world and I need permission to sit down.

Student

You don't

Jon reaches for the input to the headphones on the panel, plugs in and opens the Jimi Hendrix Axis Bold As Love Album.

Jon gets comfortable in the chair and presses play. The music begins. The camera get a picture of Jon in the chair and the students walking by to class outside in the window.

Jon. v.o It's not a life for everyone. Being a musician is no joke. Of all the musicians in the world, my father once told me, less than one percent actually make it to the stage itself and less then that gain any popularity. Many get so remorseful in the poverty of the life that they can't take it anymore. I knew where I was going, but I was also determined to take it. I understood implicitly at that moment the difference between the truth beyond the streets and the truth inside the walls of power and time, those living beyond the reach of truth and believing in what was told of it. But story telling was not simply story telling, as Homer taught us in the Iliad and Odyssey, for it is said that he learned the story and was told the story, but it is hard to imagine living through it.

But the things you learn listening to Jimi Hendrix

music plays close up slowly as Jon's eyes close and the visions appear.

Exterior. Late morning. Titled Reads "My Lai" outside of Saigon.

We hear gunfire and screaming in a long shot of the town from the road, Butch is sweaty, handsome, lumbering down the road, like a perfect James Dean, alone in the middle of the War, reaching a front line of awaiting photographers

coming out from the road we hear a v.o from nowhere.
“whats your name?”

We hear the shuffle of paperwork and quick cut to student at desk.
back to Butch.

Butch takes off his helmet and puts it
on the road, standing on it.

“ Who the hell are you?”

“We’re the press from NBC and its affiliates”
a man approaches with a press badge, “actually
our still work reports through Icorps and the
Stars and Stripes US Army daily newspaper.

Butch

Stills? I didn’t get no copy
of any newspaper.

Butch waves his
hand, almost in disbelief.

“Back there? You wanna know
what happened? Back there?
It’s still happening? Don’t you
hear it?

There is a sudden refrain in the bursts of firing.

Press Reporter

We heard reports of casualties?
How many would you say there are?
And how many are US Army?

Butch

They killed everyone; Everyone in town.

Reporter

How many soldiers sir, would you say
have died?

Butch (now crying)

You don't understand. (pausing)
We got reports from you guys

voice interruption "We didn't send any reports"

Butch

FROM YOU GUYS (emphasis)
that the villagers were
headed into town and would be
cleared out by Oh five hundred.
We swept through there and
the whole town got.....jesus....

Reporter

What happened?

Butch (crying)

I can't talk about it.

Lt. Croft marching up the way.

Lt. Croft

Hold on to your hat their tin soldier
are you Icorps, came with Special Platoon Bravo?

Reporter

Yes sir, how did you know?

Lt. Croft

Right this way gentleman, get your camera engaged
and ready you are only gonna see this once.
I have orders from the third platoon to drop you off
on the other side of the city and leave you there.

Reporter 2 (distressed)

Is it a big city sir?

Lt. Croft

My lai is a small village with only several hundred inhabitants, this was a general sweep, search and destroy mission, as I said

Soldier Number 1”Sir, I got about a dozen prisoners here all lined up, Butch said he thought we should stop firing.”

Lt. Croft

Butch quit and is headed for interrogation.

Soldier 1

Well what do you want me to do with these sir?

Lt. Croft

You know your orders sir.

He fires into the people and they are all instantly killed.

The reporters are screaming in horror.

Lt. Croft

Let's keep marching. Like I said
hopefully, you are only going to see this once.

they continue to march and innocent people are being killed everywhere.

Interior. Library. Jon opens his eyes and realizes the CD is skipping.

Exterior. The long walk home with narration.

Jon

I can't say College was an empty time
for me. I can only say that I believed
in different causes and effects from the
perspectives of what we were taught,
but I guess I was upset about the sacrifices
that had to be made to protect our freedoms
in the first place and how they were
egregiously challenged with technology.

Interior. Classroom. Afternoon. The Professor is standing at the podium and lecturing to an audience of maybe three hundred.

Professor

What is social deviancy?
What is the curve of social deviancy?
Where does it begin and end?
Most would tell you
it's out on the streets, impossible
to find, but we find it even among
office workers and civil servants
we find it everywhere in our society.

Exterior. The parking lot near People's Park, Berkeley.
Marco, Italian near thirty, homeless, bedraggled, bearded and inebriated
is carrying a beer in a brown bag with some Bushmills; Tony, also
unshaven and nearly bearded is lighting a joint.

Tony

No it's a deviancy thing.
I got to write it down.

Marco (giggling)

Oh the writer's just gonna take a
note, here let me educate what that
is in Italy.

Jon

What?

Marco

Give me two dollars for beer.

Jon

You already have a beer.

Marco

For the next one.

Tony

Let me show you how we do it in Turkey,
how much money you got, altogether?

(passing the joint to Johnny)

Johnny checks his wallet and pulls on the joint.

Tony

No man. Man you don't know how to do it. You are pulling it all wrong. Here let me show you. In Turkey you watch the fire. You pay attention to the tip, you watch it fall out, then apply the magic, hit is just when you think its out. Man, that's what the spark of imagination is all about. It's got to be practically dead first. Psych them into thinking its out then pull it. Then you all go, ohhh ahhhh Ahmet, we thought it was out....

Jon

I got abut fourteen dollars.
We can upstairs to Kip's for a pitcher of beer.

Marco

You're going to buy me
a pitcher. A pitcher of beer.
You really are a gentleman.

Interior. Evening. The Wide White. Pad. Jon and Eva's room. She is in bed. Brushing her hair. In a nightgown.

Jon peers out the door as Rocky is calling his name from the other room in the middle of the party.

Rocky

Jon, we have a big problem.

Greg

Yeah, we need you to do us a favor.

Jos comes out of her room, checking her purse.

Jos

Here Rok, it looks like I have ten dollars.

Rocky

Well, Jos, Jos , I don't have any money
what do you want to do.

Jon

What do you need me to do?

Jos

Go to Telegraph or something.

Rok

Jon we need to score some pot.

Jon

It's like 9:30 at night, I won't be
back till eleven thirty or something.

Rocky (pushing him out the door)

You'll make it.

Exterior. Night time. Telegraph Ave in Berkeley.
Jon is walking down the street and people are passing by.

Tony

Yo man, what you need?

Jon

My friends and I were looking
to score ten.

Tony

What do you need? Speed? Heroin?
Some of the ghanjh man?

Jon

Yeah, that.

Tony

What?

Jon

The ghanga man.

Tony

Oh your hip?

Jon

Yeah man. I'm hip.
I'm as hip as they get.

Tony (whistling across the street)

Ok man. Wait here.

Interior. Car . Title reads "Somewhere near Palm Beach, Florida thirty years later" Ne_Yo is playing "Closer" on the radio and Jon is driving on the Highway as the song comes on. Jon (to himself)
"Great, after ten years of screaming at me to quit dope, this is the song they decide to market on my way to my second year of rehabilitation"

Interior. Wide Wide Pad. Title read " Thirty years earlier"
Johnny and Greg and Scott are talking in the livingroom, smoking a joint.

Greg (laughing)

This is pretty good shit man.

Jon

Yeah man. I got it from a
Turkish jazz musician.

Greg bursts out laughing.

Greg

A Turkish jazz musician?

Jon

Yeah man.

Greg

How do you know man?
Did you here him play?

Jon

He plays Diva man.
By Cosmo. That's all
I need to know. I'm taking
him into the studio.

Greg

What studio?

Jon

They have rehearsal rooms
in the basement of the music school.

Jon passes the joint to Scotty

Scotty

No thanks, I gave that up in high school.

Neal comes in lumbering up the wooden staircase at the front door.

Jon

Hey Neal. Take off your coat
leave it on the balustrade if you
want.

Neal, fixing his coat.

Neal

We've been smoking since thirteen.

Close up shot of Scotty's face, negro, eighteen, blue dyed afro.

Scotty

It makes you crazy dude.

Jon

I thought you said this was about art?
Artistic expression?

Scotty (screaming)

Because you make me feel that way
the way your looking at me.

Rodrigo enters from the kitchen; Puts on a new album;

Rodrigo

It's mellow. Black magic
woman, what do you think?

Jon (smoking)

Carlos is a genius.

Greg

We were talking about something.

Scotty

You were going to insult
my artistic integrity.

Jon

Right. What makes you crazy?

The pot or the people.

Scotty

Uhh,, it's a toss up.

Jon

a toss up? Really?

Scotty

Yeah really.

Neal laughing.

Neal

Dude, you don't get
along with anyone.

Scotty

That's not true Neal.
That's not true.
We've been friends for
over twelve years.

Neal

He never liked me.

Scotty (laughing)

No. It's true.

Greg

Tell him the news Scotty.

Jon

What?

Scotty

I found a warehouse
in Emeryville.

Jon

A warehouse?

Scotty

Yeah, it's a big industrial
empty space.

Neal

I told Scotty I would build
ah wall, no five walls, wait
let me see, one two three four five,
six walls. We've going to
subdivide.

Jon

You guys are going to subdivide
an abandoned industrial factory
into living space? I'm in.

Jos enters.

Jos

John, are you crazy, you can't
give up this place.

Jon

Well, Jos, it's the principle of
the thing, really. If it's
going to be a positive experience
is up to us don't you think.

Jos (laughing)

Yeah, I guess.

Jon

What do you think Rodrigo?

Rodrigo

Positive. I'm up for positive.

Jos (laughing)

Rodrigo, your stoned.

Rodrigo

No. I just got here.

Neal

Well, you will be....
in three two one

Scotty

Pass it t him.

Jon

I don't know. It's like
my baby. I don't know if I
can let go.

Scotty

Pass the fuckin joint man!

Jon

Relax Edgar Allen Poe, man.

Neal

Oh Scotty wrote a poem.

Greg

You've got to hear this man.

Rodrigo (laughing, blowing
out smoke)

Yeah man. It's really- funny.

Scotty

FUNNY! It's not funny.

Greg

No, dude, it is a little.

Neal

Yeah dude.

Scotty

It's sad. Dude, it's a sad poem.

Jon

O;K, give it to me. Let's hear it.

Scotty

Ready? You sure your ready?

Jon

Yeah I'm sure.

Scotty

Ok. here goes.

My friend the tree
I raped and shot
the dog
that pissed on it

Jon

That's.....I don't know man.

Scotty

I'm still working on it.
What do you think?

Jon

It sounds pretty complete to me.

Rodrigo

(lighting a cigarette)

That's very existential, actually.

Neal

Dude, I just saw this enormous
canvas of the silver surfer
in my mind and he was streaking
from the top left corner of the screen
into the center of the frame.

Jon

You can't steal the silver surfer dude.
That's totally wrong.

Neal

Your right.

Rodrigo (checking his watch)

I got to get to class

Scotty

Me too.

Jon

Jos is at the marketing and
she's cooking pasta if you
guys want to come back.

Scotty

Thanks dude, but I don't know.
I have to write a paper
for film class.

Jon

A paper for film class?
That's funny.

Scotty (standing up)

What's so funny?

Jon

Nothing.